

Rangeley Lakes.

VOL. I.

RANGELEY, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

NO. 25.

ED. GRANT AND HIS TROUT.

They Both Reach Rangeley for the Winter.

Ed Grant arrived from his Seven Ponds Camps, Friday. He was greeted on his arrival by a voice from the stream just below the Main Street crossing with, "Hello, Daddy, here I be." (Ed. should correct his grammar).

It was his pet trout which had kept him company down as far as Kennebec Lake. Here their routes diverged, the trout going down the stream to the Oquossoc Angling Association's headquarters and thence up the Rangeley stream to the lake and from there to the "city."

As they were about to separate, the trout put his head out and, shaking the moisture off, asked the time. Being informed, he said, "Bet you the cigars I strike town first."

"All right, but you can't do it," said Ed.

"Oh come off, don't think you are a Jim Corbett and work your mouth so much. If you mean business, give us a fresh chaw and strike out."

The "weed" was tossed overboard and caught by the trout two feet above the surface of the water, and with a final wave with one of his propellers and a "Bye-bye Daddy," he was off.

He arrived ahead of the others, hence the greeting given above.

"Say," continued the trout as he steadied himself by bracing against an empty sardine can, "What's goin' on over on the point?"

"That? why that's the new Rangeley Lake House Mr. Marble is building," was the information imparted.

"Great Judas! why didn't you tell us about it?"

"Thought you read it in 'RANGELEY LAKES,' I gave you the paper."

"So I did, but I took it to be one of your fish yarns."

FISH AND GAME PROTECTORS.

Hon. H. O. Stanley Interviewed on the Work of the Commission.

Hon. Henry O. Stanley, the senior member of the fish and game commission was interviewed in Augusta the other day.

He stated that the commissioners were very busy men and he himself had hardly had a leisure day for months, the duties of his office having so increased since the raise in the appropriation made by the last legislature. While the appropriation was considered large by some, yet about every dollar of it will be expended in various ways.

The planting of land-locked salmon and trout in ponds and lakes has required much attention and labor. Fifty thousand salmon have been distributed, being placed in the following waters, two or three thousand in each lake: Spring and Clear Water Lakes, Franklin county; Moose Pond, Hartland; Sebattus pond, Webster; Range pond, Poland Springs; Kesar Pond, Fryeburg; ponds in Rockland; Megunticook, Camden; Howard's pond, Hanover; George's pond, Warren; Embden pond; Duck pond, near Portland; Hayden Lake, Madison; Bear lake, Turner; Mouson and Square ponds, York county; Lake Hebron, Monson; Taber ponds, Androscoggin.

Some 50,000 salmon remain undistributed which will be put out as rapidly as

possible. The fish are about two inches in length, old enough to take care of themselves and hunt for food.

A correspondent of a Maine paper criticises the action of the commissioners in placing land-locked salmon in Megunticook pond, Camden, on the ground that it is full of pickerel which will eat up and DESTROY THE SALMON.

Mr. Stanley took exceptions to this statement. He said that Sebago and several other lakes where salmon were originally found, were teeming with pickerel and the salmon seemed to thrive in company with them. There are but four lakes in the state which were the habitat of land-locked salmon, but now there are upwards of 100 where they are caught; many of these being larger and plentier than in the original four lakes, Sebago, Green, Sebec and Grand, and in a majority of these pickerel are abundant, showing that the so-called fresh water shark is not destructive to salmon.

Many trout have also been planted and there and yet other ponds to be stocked this season. There is a supply of fish at the Caribou hatchery which will be distributed in the Aroostook ponds.

This has been such a dry fall that the brooks have shrunk so greatly that the trout and salmon cannot run up to any extent and if there are no rains soon the result must be disastrous to fish hatching this season, both natural and artificial. At the Auburn hatchery, Mr. Stanley says, not a salmon has been taken yet, so that it is feared no eggs will be secured. Townsend brook which empties into the lake has as its source a small pond. By opening the pond the commissioners can raise the water of the brook for several days. The other night the gates were raised and it is hoped that with the increased pitch of water the salmon will run up so that they can be taken and the spawn extracted. Many large salmon have been seen at the mouth of the brook anxious to make their way up.

It is not proposed to erect a new hatchery this season. If one were to be built it would be in the vicinity of Bangor, but there does not seem to be any suitable waters in that section.

The commissioners have acted in but two instances of special protection for streams or ponds. They have had many inquiries but usually advise against steps being taken in this direction. Mr. Stanley says it is useless to close brooks which do not flow into some lake.

Mr. Stanley is both SATISFIED AND SURPRISED

at the increase in large game in the state, ascribing it to the protective laws. Game was never so abundant as now, hunters having but slight difficulty in bringing home a deer or moose. Superintendent Haynes of the American Express Co., says the company has been keeping a record of deer, moose and caribou shipped from the hunting grounds, and if the output continued through October as it averaged the first half of the month, the number will reach one thousand. Mr. Stanley notes that the deer killed this fall are much smaller than those of previous years, many of them weighing only 100 pounds. This he ascribes to the protective laws and their enforcement.

The corps of wardens employed by the commissioners now numbers 34, eight or ten of whom are kept at work almost continuously, the remainder being on duty at intervals, or are resident wardens, whose business is to keep an eye out for infractions of the law and bring the offenders to justice.

THE NEW "GREENE'S."

Plans for a Hotel to be Built in Coplin, Another Year.

The most interesting thing over Dead River way is the talk of the hotel which I. W. Greene will erect another year. At first he thought of making but a small addition to his present house, but the latest plans, if adopted, will change this considerably. The old ell and and stable will be removed and in their place a two-story structure, 80 x 35 ft., will be erected. The present house will then be raised one story, making it three stories with its cupola in addition.

Mr. A. J. Haley, the well-known builder, has the contract for building, and will commence work the first thing in the spring.

Since Mr. Greene opened his farm house to summer visitors he has had many guests and each one has gone away thoroughly satisfied with his entertainment. During the past season, especially, have visitors been numerous, as the well-filled register at Greene's attests.

There seems not the slightest reason why Mr. Greene should not make a success of hotel keeping—as he has of everything else he has attempted.

MISTAKEN FOR A MOOSE.

Edward Ingalls, of North Bradford, Shot at Three Times.

There was some very reckless shooting in the woods this week near Scraggly mountain, a few miles from Ingalls' Siding, on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad. Edward Ingalls, of North Bradford, and Samuel Atwood, of Winterport, started out for Scraggly lake. When at the foot of Scraggly mountain, Ingalls walked a little ahead of Atwood. They heard the crack of a rifle near at hand, and a bullet flew by Ingalls' head and struck a rock a few feet away.

Ingalls thought that Atwood fired and Atwood thought that Ingalls fired and they simultaneously asked, "What did you fire at?" Again they heard the snap of a lock, and as Ingalls turned from a front to a side position another shot was fired, the bullet cutting through his sleeve and making a furrow in the flesh of his arm.

Ingalls had some difficulty a few weeks ago with some loggers and as Atwood had heard some Frenchmen say that they were going to "shoot some damned Yankee," he believed that their threats were being carried out. He brought his rifle to his shoulder and was ready to fire just as the men who had been shooting so recklessly stepped out of the woods. Ingalls recognized one of the party and cried out, "Hold."

Both Atwood and Ingalls covered the men with their rifles and shouted, "Hold on." An explanation was quickly made. The man who fired the first shot was Fred Prescott, of Brownville, a guide, and Wallace Dow, of East Dover, pulled the trigger of his rifle for a second shot, but it missed fire. The bullet which struck Ingalls was the third shot, and it was fired by Frank Towne, of East Dover.

The men said that they thought they were firing at a moose but there was no sense in this statement as they could have heard Atwood and Ingalls talking had they listened. They were only 30 yards

away. Ingalls blamed Prescott. The others were very frightened and sank to the ground saying that if they had killed Ingalls they would have wanted to die right there. Dow and Towne pleaded with Ingalls and said that they did not mean to kill any one and Ingalls decided to let the matter drop, for the present at least.

Mr. Ingalls is a well known lumberman and is proprietor of a sporting camp at Ingalls' Siding.

HIS DEER SAILED AWAY.

A Penobscot Fisherman Who Turned Hunter With Poor Success.

Several days ago a man was pulling his lobster pots in Penobscot bay, near Great Spruce Head, when he observed two deer swimming in the water. He succeeded in getting his boat between the animals, and one of them headed at once for the shore. The man could not lawfully kill the deer in Waldo county, so he merely kept close upon it with his boat, hoping that it might become exhausted and give in. When near the shore he managed to seize it by the horns and a lively struggle followed, which ended in the release of the deer. The animal swam toward Elwell's shore and the man rowed after it. As the deer attempted to leap from the water upon the bank its horns became entangled in the limbs of a scraggy cedar and it was suspended about four feet above the surface of the water.

Confident that the deer was secure, the man rowed away and finished pulling his lobster pots. When he returned, he found the deer apparently lifeless, and, leaving his boat under the suspended animal, he went ashore and cut away the limb which had caught his prize for him. The deer fell into the boat below and the lobster man was dismayed to see the breeze catch the sail and the boat move swiftly away with his precious freight. The refreshing breeze soon revived the deer, which lay quietly in the stern of the boat until it grounded on Folwell's island. The deer then leaped ashore, this time with more success, and joined its mate on the bank.

The lobster man borrowed a boat and recovered his own, but he is a little sensitive about having people speak of his adventure.

Written for Rangeley Lakes:

A Bit of Fall Verse.

The rod and reel I've laid aside,
The rifle now I take,
We'll make the wild woods echo
Around old Rangeley Lake.
Some fresh deer steak, I'd much enjoy,
And really I'd not care,
If I should fall in moose or deer,
Could I but get a bear.
I'll not object to smaller game
If larger I can't find,
But still, a good fat deer would be,
Most pleasing to my mind.
I've roamed the wood since early morn,
And now the day is done,
But oh, what lovely hues unfold
About the setting sun.
It sinks in golden splendor
Behind the mountains grand,
No lovelier spot will e'er be found
Than this, our Switzerland.

Phillips. Me.

ANN.

The last part of the old Rangeley Lake House, made a very imposing appearance Wednesday night, as it rested in the street, it loomed up as large as some of those city "sky-scrapers."

PHILLIPS LOCALS.

Clifford Prescott had a birthday party Tuesday.

Charles Bean is laying the drain tile in Main St.

Miss Clare Hinkley has been quite sick for several days.

Looks natural to see the "David's" old store lighted evenings.

Chas. Richardson was out from Wild Rose Cottage last week.

Miss Bertha Hinkley has returned from her visit in Massachusetts.

Miss Edith Church came from Portland on Saturday to visit relatives.

Miss Nellie Farmer, of West Farmington, has been visiting Mrs. Harry Staples.

W. C. Howland, of Avon, Friday, lost a valuable cow, the second within six weeks.

D. D. Graffam is again able to be out after being confined to the house for a month.

Prof. D. F. Hodges gives his instruction in music to the village schools, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Greenwood have returned from their visit to Boston and Norwood, Mass.

The last depositor of the old Union National Bank has been paid and the deposit ledger laid aside.

Landlord Matthews and Mrs. Matthews are taking a little vacation at Redington. Mr. Matthews comes down each day.

Mr. and Mrs. Skofield and Miss Myra, who have been at Kibby and Camp Jack the past four months, returned home last week.

Mell Cushman has moved onto the old Cushman farm, but will not sever his connection with the Sandy River railroad.

The new plow derailed a couple of gravel cars at the Strong trestle Thursday night, delaying the regular train for about half an hour.

Charles Allen has been off duty on account of an accident which crushed one of his toes. A heavy car shackle did the damage.

The handsomest lot of apples brought into Phillips within the last few weeks came from the orchard of Geo. W. Hewey, of Phillips.

N. S. Hawkes, who has been at Effingham Falls, N. H., returned to Phillips last week. He will probably spend the winter in this vicinity.

Friday was warm as a June day. The frost that had formed in the sheltered spots in the road came out, and made them as muddy as spring time.

"I think that Rangeley business men have rather got ahead of us," said a Main street store keeper to a RANGELEY LAKES man this week, "in the matter of closing two evenings in a week. It seems to me that it would be a good example for Phillips to copy."

The P. & R. bridge over the Sandy River is being strengthened by additional supports between the center pier and the abutments. These supports will be hinged so that they can be drawn up in the case of high water when the ice goes out in the spring.

The call for spruce and poplar for pulp, and birch for other uses, makes many of the back lots of value, and the services of surveyors are in constant demand. In many places the lines have not been run since the original survey and the "supposed bounds" are found to be far from correct. It would be a good investment for the citizens to ask for a careful survey of the bounds of the town and to have monuments put up at the intersection of the original lot lines and an occasional line run through. The old method of surveying was faulty and its errors show very plainly to-day.

A. W. Davenport has been making surveys in the vicinity of Lufkin Pond, recently.

Francis M. Lufkin, of West Phillips, sold a nice pair of oxen to F. B. Wheeler, recently.

The rain caused general thanksgiving. Everyone was hoping against hope that it would not pass by.

With the closing of the Farmington butter factory, it is presumed the Phillips company will increase their output.

Warren Bates can assume such an honest look and expression when relating a most unreasonable yarn, that he often deceives those who know better.

In digging for the drain along Main street, no relics of prehistoric days were found, save at one spot was a lot of broken granite which had evidently been dumped in to fill up at some long past date. Even Bill Quimby couldn't remember about it.

A very beautiful little pond, locally known as Pearl Pond, is situated in the extreme northwest part of Phillips, on a lot of land belonging to Lorenzo Whitney, of Madrid. The pond is about sixty rods long by 25 wide, and is surrounded by an unbroken forest. It is really a pearl.

G. A. French will probably winter about six horses. Mr. French says that while prices for horses are now at a low ebb two or three years hence will find the market firm and higher. The drop in horseflesh drove so many out of the business that good horses will be scarce within a few years.

Can not public spirit be elevated to the point of having street lights of some description? They are certainly necessary if one has occasion to pass from one village to the other. In the hollow, beyond the Elmwood, it is positively dangerous to attempt to use the sidewalk on a dark night. Would the town be liable for damages should a person receive injuries?

A couple of young farmers who are bound to make farming pay, are True & Beedy, on the Johnson farm. They have greatly improved the farm since they bought and are always busy. They keep a number of cows, send their cream to the Sandy River Creamery and are satisfied that there is money in that method of doing business.

The Friday night train from Farmington came in with the gory record of three deaths. Three steers belonging to Farmer Lewis ventured out on the trestle at Stony Brook and were there overtaken by the train and tumbled into the ditch. They were so badly hurt that it was deemed best to kill them, and Baggage Master Smith finished them off with a knife.

There is a natural curiosity a short distance beyond the Reed school-house in West Phillips. It is a mound of perhaps twenty feet in height and two rods long. Another, much longer, is located on the farm of D. F. Hodges, Esq., further up the valley. It is not supposed that they are the work of Indians, but have been left in their present forms by the action of the water. They are very interesting, however.

They are having lots of fun with the "guard" who kept watch of Alonzo Corbett while he was in custody of the town preparatory to being sent to the Insane Asylum. It is said one of them was patrolling the yard with an old flint-lock musket, minus the flint, and hearing a noise, took position in the road and after several attempts he succeeded in lighting a match with which he was to touch off the old gun. The light disclosed an object retreating over the bridge but by the time aim could be taken and the powder in the pan touched off, the party was too far away for the charge to take effect. The noise, however, woke the household and the discovery was made that a rope had been made of the bed clothes and by its means the prisoner had escaped. As Corbett is a farmer it is supposed he *Will Ho yet*.

Miss Mertie Kinney arrived home Friday, from Madison when she has been teaching. Miss Kinney will spend her three-weeks' vacation in Phillips and Rangeley.

In Memoriam.

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

No fairer flower ever bloomed in earth's garden than the subject of this sketch, sweet Agnes Noble, whose brief life of fourteen summers has just ended.

Though blessed as a little child with vigorous health it soon failed and for many years her delicate constitution made her the object of constant solicitude to the most devoted parents.

During the season just passed she seemed to gain strength in her home by the lake, and with the hope of a further restoration to health, a winter in the South was decided on.

Preparations for the change were nearly completed when she again fell ill with the same disease from which she had several times recovered. For ten long days all that love or skill could suggest was tried for her relief, and just as a glimmer of hope was given us, her strength became exhausted. She sank into a peaceful slumber, and waking, "walked in Paradise." Simple and impressive services were held at her late home, on Sunday afternoon, and a very large number were in attendance. The pastors of the Congregationalist and Methodist churches paid a loving tribute to the memory of her who lay before them in her little white casket, covered with the flowers she so much loved, and which in their beauty and purity were fit emblems of her life. As the sun was sinking in the west, she was laid by the side of those who had loved her when on earth and with whom she now enjoys reunion in heaven.

Many who are invalids for a lifetime become absorbed in themselves and lose all interest in others. Not so with Agnes. Bearing her own ill health with a patience that was wonderful, she seemed to fear giving the least trouble, while always ready with her sweet sympathy and gentle ministrations if she could relieve suffering in those she loved.

Unable for several years to attend school, she not only kept pace with her classes, but from her wide range of reading, and intense appreciation of nature and art, had gained a store of knowledge remarkable for one of her age. Of necessity, much confined to the home she so dearly loved, she retained to a surprising degree her interest in the outside world, and it was a great pleasure to witness her joy when her health allowed of her being in any public gathering. Her affections were deep and strong, and while those who knew her best loved her most, even strangers long remembered the lovely girl, whose soft, dark eyes were such a true index of her character with its rare blending of womanly intelligence and the innocence of a child. Among all the child characters of fiction, there is none more touching than that of Dickens' "Little Nell," whose life in its sweet selfishness so much resembled that of Agnes.

Standing by Nell's bedside when all was over a friend thus speaks to other friends, as he bends down to kiss her cheek:

"Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

Ah no, we would not wish Agnes back again, but long and sadly will she be missed and mourned by a large circle of loving friends.

To the parents whose loss no words can measure, we offer, with our deepest sympathy, this word of comfort. For a little while Agnes has left you, but safe in the care of our loving Father, beyond all knowledge of pain and in a home more beautiful than the sunny southland she is waiting to bid you welcome.

Redington Notes.

The log train is taking a vacation.

The mill shut-down much increases the visible population of the clearing.

I. W. Greene, who has the hiring of the men for the logging camps, is a much-sought-after individual these days, on the arrival of trains.

The Redington Company's mill shut down Tuesday, for about a month. This was necessitated by both need of repairs and by scarcity of logs. All the logs yarded in the upper workings have been used, but by the time the mill starts again the new cut will be coming in. This mill has made the remarkable record of running for the past eleven months with only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a day's shut-down for repairs.

Dallas.

Andrew Bubier is yet unable to leave his bed.

Lucian Oakes went to Redington Thursday.

Wm. Sebine is visiting friends and relatives in Dallas.

Daisy Oakes and Lilla Oakes went to Dead River station Thursday.

Matilda Campbell who fell from a scaffold in the barn two weeks ago, has not been able to step on her foot since.

Sanders' Mill.

There are rumors that the mill will be started this winter.

Ed. Keene carries the mail from this station to East Madrid post-office.

Elias Thomas, Esq., of Portland, came to this station Monday. He is looking over his wild lands.

Eustis.

The trade recently mentioned in RANGELEY LAKES as being under way has been consummated. M. G. Shaw of Bath, selling an undivided half of nearly 10,000 acres of Township No. 3, in Franklin county, to Edward J. Lawrence, Louise E. Newhall and Albert B. Page all of Fairfield.

Strong.

Mrs. P. G. Laughton, of Boston, and Mrs. C. R. Golder, of Strong, have been visiting their brother, Mr. J. G. Rich in Bethel, who is in very poor health. One of Mr. Rich's daughters put on her hunting suit a few days ago and went for the woods returning in a short time with six partridges.

A Lizard One Hundred Feet Long.

One must stretch his fancy almost to the breaking point to imagine a lizard 100 feet in length, but that such creatures formerly existed in various parts of the United States there is not the least doubt. The remains of such enormous reptiles have been found in Colorado, Arizona, Oregon, Montana, South Dakota, Maryland, Virginia and the two Carolinas. They belonged to a family of extinct reptiles known to the geologists as dinosaurs, and the remains found in the marl beds of the last four states mentioned above prove that the western varieties were much the larger. Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale college found dinosaur remains in Colorado from which he restored a skeleton upward of 125 feet in length. The largest found in the eastern marl beds was less than 50 feet in length.—St. Louis Republic.

Webster's Errand.

It is remembered of the late Mr. Houghton that he was wont to tell a characteristic story of Noah Webster. Houghton was a boy in a printer's shop when an odd looking old gentleman came in one day to make him promise that he would always set up the word "center," not "centre." The dictionary man is said to have traversed New England on this errand to printers.

Lingualistic Ability.

Jinks—My wife speaks four languages.
Hinks—Mine only finds time to speak one.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cosy Corner for the Ladies.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

From early youth we hear that experience is the best teacher, but it is only after she has set us many and hard lessons that we come to believe it. Even the wisest and best of parents fail to impress their children with the idea that they know what is best for them, and boys and girls leave the homes where they have been so carefully guarded, and go out into the world to make the same mistakes that most of us have, and probably will to the end of time. As the years pass by, the youth of to-day will be the wise parent of the future, for he too, has learned from experience. In every community there are sure to be people on whom we depend for advice. It is no disparagement to physicians to say that a young mother feels safer, when her baby is ill, to trust to some good neighbor for relief than to call in a doctor. It is working in the dark at best to treat a sick child, but the mother who has carefully and safely brought her own little ones through the various ailments of childhood has a store of experience to draw from that is invaluable. And again in household matters, the young wife wonders why she cannot do as well in her own home as when she was learning the art of cooking in her father's house. She forgets that there she had mother to depend on, and little knows how often her success was due to the word of caution at the right moment, or how often when she had left the room the mother's watchfulness insured the success of bread, cake, or pastry. Left to herself the fire gets low at a critical moment, water boils away and something is scorched, or she forgets to open the oven door at the proper time and sad are the results. But take courage, "Rome was not built in a day," and the time will come when you can laugh over what now very nearly causes tears instead. From this time on, poultry will be abundant and in order that young housekeepers may become good judges of it, we will give them *infallible* directions for choosing it, from good authority. We do this because poultry is sometimes a "snare and delusion." Years ago we read an amusing story of two young people who went to housekeeping with very little save love to help them. It had been a runaway match and both, from birth and education, were about as little fitted to brave the world as the "babes in the wood." Both were from families of wealth, and the poor little wife had some woful trials with her attempts at cookery. One day she succeeded in roasting a fowl, but as her husband began to carve it the first slice of the breast was accompanied by a shower of corn, which flew in every direction. Her dismay was great until the husband could recover his breath from laughing and inform her that she had failed to *remove the crop*. This was only one of her experiences and some were much harder, but at last the stern parent relented and she was restored to her former home. The writer's story is somewhat different, never shall I forget my first attempt at roasting a chicken. Beautifully brown and looking most tempting, I placed it on the table and waited the approval of the "other half." The carving knife failed in attempting to unjoint it and instead of a tender chicken we had a hen so tough that she might have come over in the Mayflower. And yet she was small and plump and looked to all intents and purposes like what she was not. She might have been the original of the story which relates that a teacher once asked this question: A hen will lay so many eggs—giving the number—in the course of her life, what shall be done with her then? "Cut off her head and sell her for a spring chicken," shouted the boy whose father kept a meat market.

Written for Cosy Corner:

BUFFALO BUGS, AND MY EXPERIENCE WITH THEM.

It is always our custom when we go into a different house to live, to disinfect thoroughly. We take a pound or more as we feel we need, of stick brimstone and put about two ounces of alcohol over it, and putting it in iron vessels of some kind place it in positions where it will reach every room, opening all the doors, closets and attic ways, and closing every window and way of escape. (We also use it in the barn, hen house and out buildings). Then light it with a match. It will ignite very readily, and closing the doors we let this remain about three hours. This forms sulphuric gas, and destroys all disease, moths' eggs and vermin. When I came to Phillips to live although the house procured for us was a new one, comparatively, and thoroughly cleaned, papered, and painted, I insisted on my old remedy being applied, which was done.

After I had been here a few weeks, I was asked the question from all quarters, "Have you seen any. Buffalo bugs? That house was running over with them," and I did not even know what they were. I had never seen any, and often having them described to me I began the weekly looking and shaking, but I did not find them.

When I lay my carpets, I put sprigs of cedar around the edges of them and strew sulphur as near the edge as it will permit, the result of my experiment has been that I have not been troubled with any thing this summer, and have not found in any thing that I have had packed any of these terrible pests.

I think it a good plan, at house cleaning time to use this method of disinfecting, taking care always to remove all silver ware, picture frames and any metal that will tarnish, also jewelry. Be very careful not to go into the rooms while the smoke is in them, as the gas is poisonous to breathe. Have a window or door, so that you can open it from the opposite side, and open from the outside and let the air pass through before you go in. This information I obtained from the Board of Health in New York City, while in the Medical College department, when they came to disinfect the anatomy rooms in connection with the college, and it can be relied on. I hope that it will be of as much help to others as it has been to me. Sulphur is an invaluable remedy for all kinds of sore throats and a sure cure for diphtheria, if used, freely held dry in the mouth, constantly, and burned in the room; also a preventive from taking diseases while attending the sick, and when travelling, by holding a little in the mouth.

MRS. MYRA J. FULTZ.

Phillips, Me.

CABBAGE SALAD.

2½ quarts chopped cabbage, 1½ quarts vinegar, 1 tablespoonful mustard, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls black pepper, scant, 2 cups sugar, scant, 1½ cup butter, ¼ cup flour, and 5 eggs. Let the vinegar with salt, pepper, sugar and mustard heat, and stir into it the flour and butter beaten to a cream. Cook five minutes and pour this over the chopped cabbage. One can use sugar according to one's taste. This is a little sweet.

POP-OVERS.

3 eggs, 3 cups sweet milk, 3 cups flour, pinch of salt. Beat the eggs separate, pour in the flour and beat until very light. Bake in gem pans, which should be hot. These are very nice.

MRS. GEORGE M. ESTY.

Rangeley.

In selecting poultry remember that the best chickens have soft yellow feet, short, thick legs, smooth, moist skin, plump breast, and that the cartilage on the breastbone is soft and pliable. Some times a marketman is found who will break the end of a breastbone in a fowl to make it pass as a chicken, but you may easily detect this, as the bone will slip from side to side when moved, while the cartilage will only bend. Pin-feathers al-

ways indicate a young bird and long hairs and older one. Old fowls have long thin necks and feet and sharp scales; they have usually a large amount of fat and the flesh has a purplish tinge. The best turkeys have smooth black legs, with soft loose spurs, full breasts and white plump flesh. So much for the buying. To be sure these are only hints; the rest you will learn by experience, and after you have once grown accustomed to it you will thoroughly enjoy your market days.

SALLIE JOY WHITE.

INDIAN ROCK GINGERSNAPS.

2 cups of sugar, 2 cups of molasses, 2 eggs, 1 cup of butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, ½ cup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls of soda, flour to roll.

Roll thin, and before baking sponge the tops with two tablespoonfuls of molasses and two of cold water.

THE OXALIS.

A very pretty window plant is the pink Oxalis, which blossoms in clusters, and which will flower all the year, although it will do better if allowed to rest for a little while in summer. It is entirely free from insects of any kind. It is also a good little weather prophet and if the day is to be stormy it will not open its flowers at all.

MRS. H. H. M.

A LITTLE LECTURE ON WOMEN.

One of Bret Harte's Characters Describes the Contrariety of the Sex.

In a previous chronicle which dealt with the exploits of Chu Chu, a Californian mustang, I gave some space to the accomplishments of Enriquez Saltillo, who assisted me in training her, and who was also brother to Consuelo Saltillo, the young lady to whom I had freely given both the mustang and my youthful affections. I consider it a proof of the superiority of masculine friendship that neither the subsequent desertion of the mustang or the young lady ever made the slightest difference to Enriquez or me in our exalted amity. To a wondering doubt as to what I ever could possibly have seen in his sister to admire he joined a tolerant skepticism of the whole sex. This he was wont to express in that marvelous combination of Spanish precision and Californian slang for which he was justly famous.

"As to thees women and their little game," he would say, "believe me, my friend, your old Uncle Enry is not in it. No; he will ever take a back seat when lofe is around. For why? Regard me here! If she is a horse, you shall say, 'She will buck jump,' 'She will ess-shy,' 'She will not arrive,' 'She will arrive too quick.' But if it is thees women, where are you? For when you shall say, 'She will ess-shy,' look you, she will walk straight, or she will remain tranquil when you think she buck jump, or else she will arrive, and, look you, you will not. You shall get left. It is ever so. My father and the brother of my father have both make court to my mother when she was but a senorita. My father think she have lofe his brother more. So he say to her: 'It is onofe! Tranquillize yourself. I will go. I will efface myself. Adios! Shake hands. Ta-ta! So long! See you again in the fall.' And what make my mother? Regard me! She marry my father on the instant! Of thees women, believe me, Pancho, you shall know nothing. Not even if they shall make you the son of your father or his nephew."—From "The Devotion of Enriquez," by Bret Harte, in Century.

From the French.

Toto, (in tears)—Boo-oo-oo!
Papa—What's the matter with that boy now?

Toto—Oh, papa, I've swallowed one of the cartridges of your revolver.

Papa—You little wretch! And I can't even give you a thrashing for fear of exploding the cartridge.—London Globe.

Out at Both Ends.

"Has Jorkins' wife brains or money?"
"Neither. She had no brains or she would not have married him, and he has all her money."—Detroit Free Press.

Avoid him who, for mere curiosity, asks three questions running about a thing that cannot interest him.—Lavater.

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RANGELEY, ME., THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1895.

Maine's Liveliest Sporting : Weekly.

Though but five months
old RANGELEY LAKES is
more widely quoted than
any weekly of its class.
Its original hunting and
fishing stories take the
sportsman's eye. Are you
on its list? If not, send
us a dollar, and receive

RANGELEY LAKES

For One Year.

The usual long list of accidents on account of the careless use of firearms is reported from the Maine woods. It is strange it is so but some people never can learn that a loaded gun is dangerous. Such people would make good subject for scientists to practice vivisection on, though perhaps dogs and rabbits have more brain matter to experiment with.

Rumford Falls voted to accept the charter for a village corporation, Saturday, Nov. 2, by the very decisive vote of 136 to 64. The Times has fought a good fight, and has won, as is pretty sure to be the case when a local issue is championed by the local newspaper. Why citizens of such a growing place as Rumford Falls should oppose the march of improvement, is not fully understood. However, when the two booming towns of Rumford Falls and Rangeley are connected by rail, all will be forgiven, and the two corporations will jine drives and celebrate.

"A Fresh Maine Breeze."

A prominent Chicago firm acknowledges the receipt of a copy of RANGELEY LAKES in the following complimentary letter:

"We are in receipt of a copy of your paper and it brings the fresh Maine breeze into our sanctum. It is just like taking an outing in the woods to read of bear hunts and shooting caribou and moose. These things make our sanctum brighter. We are obliged for the copy sent."

'TWIXT YOU AND ME.

Blank Verse.

There's many a youth, unthinking, rash,
In wanton ways will spend his cash,
And, simpering, thinks he cuts a —
And hopes he'll as a "rounder" rank,
Because with such he's drank and drank
Until his mind's a perfect —
But, money gone, meek as a lamb,
He sees the whole thing is a sham
And for him no one care's a —
R. K. M. in Puck.

Have you spotted your Thanksgiving
turk?

The first fall of snow was death to the
deer.

Very much obliged for that last warm
wave—was it "Indian Summer?"

"And the cat came back," sings the
New York World, apropos of Tammany's
victory in New York city.

"I think," said the small boy as he
allowed his father's new barometer to fall
with a crash on the floor, "that there will
be a storm, followed by a howling gale."

Under the general caption of "From the
Deep Forests, Notes of Maine Game and
Hunters, of Interest to Those Devoted to
the Chase," the Bangor Commercial goes
on to give us some interesting figures concerning the lobster crop.

The Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes
Railroad has recently purchased two of
the new engines which will next year haul
Rangeley-bound tourists to Bemis. One
is a "Mogul" and the other a "saddle-tank" for mountain work.

The only amendment to last week's
election returns which RANGELEY LAKES
must make, is to render more pronounced
the republican victories and the democratic
defeats. The republicans carried everything but New York city and Kings county.

"I," said the man, "am the only person
in the world who can get along without
quarreling."

"No, you're not either," retorted a
hearer, "I am the only one."

And three minutes later they were both
at it, tooth and nail.

A live active board of trade is a good
thing and it is gratifying to note that
Hallowell is taking steps toward awakening
interest and infusing new life into
such an organization. It will materially
assist in the work to be in league with
other state boards and that can and will
be accomplished.—Hallowell News.

The same should be said of Rangeley.

The Presque Isle North Star tells
strange tales of Attorney General Powers,
Councillor Daggett, Judge Smith and
their hunting party, and the most striking
feature of the story is the assertion
that Councillor Daggett followed a wheel-track
on an old tote road for a number of
miles under impression that it was a
moose track.

Is it possible!

The wolf in sheep's clothing fares badly
in the Maine woods, at least a fellow who
covered himself with the skin of a deer for
the purpose of stalking deer was mistaken
by another hunter for a deer, and if number
one had not fired at the deer he was
stalking just at the moment he did, number
two, who had "bead" on him, would
have fired, and the result would have been
another instance of fatal folly.—Bangor
News.

As someone truthfully remarked not
more than fifty centuries ago, "the fools
are not all dead, yet."

A Skunk Farm.

The Rumford Falls Times has a story of
a visit to Henry Ladd's skunk farm on
Thompson's Hill, Mexico. The reporter
owns to encountering a very decided odor
before he was fairly inside the skunk preserve.
Mr. Ladd was working over a

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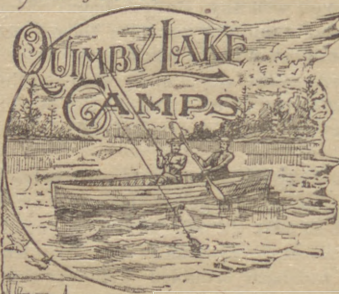
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CARIBOU,
DEER,
AND
BIRD
SHOOTING.

THE
HOME
OF
THE
GAMEST
TROUT.

LOON LAKE, situated five miles from Rangeley, on the Kennebago road, is one of the best sporting resorts in Maine, and at the same time the surroundings and provisions for the comfort of guests make it exceptionally popular with parties who wish to take their families from the city during the hot weather. Mail is received at Forest Camps, daily. Our guests have the advantage of a good carriage road for three miles of the distance from Rangeley Village to our camps. Those who would enjoy the walk for a part of the distance over the road through the woods can take a carriage at Rangeley for the first three miles and enjoy that recreation for the last two. Boats and Guides furnished. Open from May 1st to Jan. 1st. For terms address, R. S. YORK, Rangeley.

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newly removed pelt. The reporter continues the oderiferous narrative as follows:

After examining the pelts he had taken off, some thirty-five in number, we were conducted to the skunk pasture where fifty of those animals were either at play, fighting or eating. They were in an enclosure 100x220 feet. The fence was made of poultry netting with a board at the bottom resting on the ground, while another some two feet from the ground kept the animals from crawling up the wire. In making this pasture a trench was dug around it about two feet deep which was filled with stones and the posts set in them. The grounds are supplied with a number of kennels. One burrough has been made under a rock where several live, but they are not a happy family. The whole colony are quarrelsome and occasionally they kill one of their number in a family "jamboree." To cover up their cussedness they all fall in, cannibal fashion, and make a meal of their slain comrade.

Mr. Ladd and his son Willis started their enterprise in September, since when they have caught eighty-five skunks. The ones caught were placed in the pasture where they have been fed on scrap meat and fish offal which has been procured for them at the markets. Some of those that

have been fed are very fat. One was killed last week that yielded about two quarts of oil. His pelt was prime and very large. In the pasture are two perfectly black, excepting a small V of white on the head.

In catching these animals they use small steel traps and a dip net, both of which are on poles about ten feet long. When one is found in a trap one of the men attract his attention from the pole which is fastened to the trap while the other takes hold of the pole and lifts the animal from the ground. When in this position they cannot scent. The man who has the dip net, which is made of a bran sack, then walks up and holds it under the victim, loosens the spring of the trap and lets him drop into the bag. He is then taken to the wagon which holds a big box with a trap door in the top which opens into a compartment, partitioned from the rest of the box, with a door way connecting the rooms. The trap door is opened and the net turned over it. The skunk drops into the box and at once passes into the main part where he is followed by others. Several have been caught in the nets. Mr. Ladd, to illustrate how they caught them, took a net and went into the pasture and scooped up one which was "a big cuss, fit to kill." After he was caught he was carried to a brook where he was drowned. In killing them in this way they are never scented.

With the Sportsmen.

The Amateur Hunter.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year—
'Tis now the hunter sallies forth
To slay elusive deer.
He trudges over hill and dale,
O'er mountain-top and mere;
He sinks knee-deep in juicy bogs;
Thro' yellow leaf and sere,
He plods along until at length,
His temper out of gear
He hies him to a butcher shop—
And as he can't get
Venison he buys a
Sheep or any old
Thing and marches
Proudly to his
Wife and tells
Her the wildest kind of a fairy tale.
—New York World.

Elliott Russell went to Loon Lake Monday, for a few days' shooting.

Harry Quimby and R. B. Porter, jr., brought a handsome deer to town Tuesday.

Ed. Lowell, Gene Soule and Will Porter, are at the former's camp on Kennebago stream. They are guiding two sportsmen and will stay about ten days.

Messrs. Clements and Hescok, of East Wilton, arrived in town Monday for a short outing. They were armed with rifle and shot-gun and were ready for either deer or partridge—or both.

Mayor F. L. Noble and wife returned to Lewiston Monday with a good game record made during their week's stay at Madrid, one deer and plenty of partridges. Mayor Noble thinks there is no place to compare with North Franklin for genuine out-of-doors enjoyment.

A correspondent suggests that we offer a premium for the "biggest untruthful fish story." It is hardly necessary for us to do so, for the sportsmen who come to the Rangeleys rarely have occasion to extend the truth in relating their catches. It is only necessary in reporting those that get away."

A monster stuffed snake, coiled around the center post, is the most striking ornament (?) in Wild Rose Cottage, Sandy River Pond. Charlie Richardson says it's a famous temperance worker for no one likes to indulge in too much of the ardent in the presence of anything so suggestive of delirium tremens.

Mr. James G. Harris, treasurer of the Union Pacific Railway, returned to his home in Boston, Thursday, taking with him a deer and a well filled bag of partridges as the pleasant reminder of a 10-days' sporting visit at I. W. Greene's in Coplin. It was Mr. Harris's first trip up this way and to say that he was delighted with the mountain air and scenery, is drawing it mild. He plans to come back another season and hopes to introduce some of his brother officials to North Franklin.

Lewis Rowe, of Madrid, went out the other day, for a little still hunt all by himself. He had a place spotted in an old orchard. As he was settling down in a retired spot he heard a rustle in the bushes near by. Looking closely he saw two men armed with rifles, crawling into position near him. Thinking that three was a crowd he moved over to the other side of the orchard, but only to find a couple more hunters hidden in the bushes. Thoroughly disgusted with the place, he started for home and on the way met three others bound for the same spot!

Time to be thinking of fox hunting.

Time to think about snowshoes for the winter chase.

Many of the guides have parties coming "as soon as the snow comes."

The deer probably enjoyed the respite afforded by those days of snowless weather.

Word from the Seven Ponds region says that Natt Ellis and his friends have gone thus far on their trip to Canada.

Blakesley has a moose record. Joe St. Ober guided a sportsman to one of these kings of the forest Friday, and the sportsman's aim did not fail him.

At the office of RANGELEY LAKES is a set of deer horns which were found in the Kennebago township by A. Withey, and presented to R. A. Merrow. The horns were much mice-eaten, thus proving that it is mice, squirrels, etc., that, combined with the atmospheric changes, consume the horns shed by the many deer which die in the woods.

Henry Breen, an Augusta sportsman treated himself to a great surprise the other day and it didn't consist in killing the largest deer of the season either! He was out gunning. His double-barreled shot gun had been loaded by his son. He was sitting on the edge of a ravine when he discharged the piece. There was a tremendous recoil, which dazed him somewhat and when his vision became clear again he beheld in one hand, held at arm's length, the barrels of the gun, but the stock was missing and he turned in time to see it tumbling down the incline of the ravine. Both barrels had been discharged. The stock had been broken off at the grip. The locks of the gun he did not find. The shattered breech and the barrels he keeps as souvenirs, for his lame shoulder has nearly ceased to remind him of the narrow escape he had.

A HUNTING INCIDENT.

How Dr. W. G. Sawyer of Madison, Secured One of the Finest Deer of the Season.

[Madison Bulletin].

Last week we mentioned the fact that Dr. W. G. Sawyer had shot the handsomest deer ever brought into Madison. Now there is connected with this hunting trip an incident which makes the Dr's name famous from Bigelow mountain to Bangor.

The party was composed of Mr. A. S. Chipman, of Boston, representative of the Warren & Fuller Heating and Ventilating Company, accompanied by his amiable wife and Dr. W. G. Sawyer and wife of this village. The party left here with the intention of spending a week in the Dead River region and of securing all the large game that the law would allow.

Little did they dream of the surprises that were in store for them as they drove, along the beautiful country road on that pleasant October morning. Arriving at Stratton they decided to make headquarters at the Blanchard House, Durrel Brothers, proprietors. Now Durrel Brothers are somewhat acquainted with the doctor and learning that he was let loose from the busy cares of his profession for a week, they knew about what to expect from him.

The party secured the services of Edward Jones as guide, a gentleman who is well acquainted with the lay of the land, and the habits and customs of game. On the first day's hunting trip the ladies were

allowed to accompany the party, and were rewarded by seeing a handsome large doe accompanied by her fawn, and also the look of chagrin upon the faces of the two unlucky sportsmen who attempted to shoot her.

All the time this touching scene was being enacted the doctor was in deep meditation. When the doe was well out of range of the hunters' rifle shots, the doctor rose up and in a loud voice exclaimed, "When old Sawyer gets a bead on them something must drop." This exclamation was taken up and used as a by-word by the party and soon reached the ears of Durrel Bros., who were always ready to guy the doctor.

The next day the doctor harnessed the old roan mare, which by the way is quite a speedy animal, and taking Mr. Chipman and the guide they started for the mountains. At the foot of the mountain they hitched their team and each proceeded in different directions into the thicket.

The doctor had gone but a short distance when a moss-covered ledge offered him a resting place. He had been seated but a few moments when the twigs began to snap and a large buck came into view but a few rods distant. He fired two unsuccessful shots at him but the third brought his handsome game to earth.

When the party arrived at the hotel, the doctor, driving the old roan mare and seated astride the antlers of his handsome buck, was exhibiting as much style as the famous Nelson ever did upon the race track.

Durrel Brothers and the ladies of the party were there to greet him, when the doctor exclaimed, "When old Sawyer gets a bead on them something must drop," and the old mare, as though she comprehended his meaning dropped in her tracks and then slowly regained her feet.

Thus ended a most successful hunting trip, but it will be a long day before the above mentioned incident will be blotted from the minds of those who witnessed the scene.

THE MAYOR'S ENCHANTED DEER.

Or Rather the Deer That the Mayor and Other North Franklin Hunters Have Failed to Secure.

[Lewiston Journal].

You should hear Mayor F. L. Noble, of Lewiston, tell how he shot the second deer at Madrid. He brought down the first one with a single shot at a long range and pierced its side just above the heart with a clean rifle slug. The creature did not run two yards. It was a beauty, and its skin, with the head slightly raised, will be made into a mat to adorn His Honor's sitting room.

"The other deer," said Mayor Noble, "I saw while sitting on a rock at a place called Beech Hill, a magnificent growth of beeches five miles from Madrid village and just off the road. The rise slopes gradually up the side of the mountain, and from its leaf-strewn side one looks off on the silent majesty of the mountains of Maine."

"I had been picking up beechnuts and was cracking them with my teeth, with the repeating rifle across my knees. Suddenly down across the glade two deer, a splendid doe and fawn, walked out of the beeches and stopped. The mother was lapping the neck of the young one and both presented a splendid mark. But I! why my hands shook as if I were about to murder my own father. I was seized with the hunter's ague, and the end of the rifle which I pressed to my shoulder swayed about like the handles of a bike in a beginner's hands. Despairing of being able to take good aim, and fearing that my guide was laughing behind some neighboring tree I shot. She waved a fond farewell with those beautiful heels and was gone, and the fawn with her. But I felt better when I learned that every hunter about there was trying to shoot her and could not, because of a popular belief that she was enchanted."

A Boston sportsman shot four times at the same doe and failed to hit her. That's how I shot at my second deer."

PHILLIPS LOCALS.

Warren Larrabee was at Farmington, Monday.

W. W. Stover spent Sunday at his home in New Sharen.

A. J. Haley, has some idea of opening a lumber yard in Phillips.

The crew of the log train were out from Redington, Sunday.

The King's Daughters will meet with Miss Mertie Pratt Friday evening next.

M. Sewall Kelly is home from Lewiston, where he has been painting for a short time.

A pound party will be given Mrs. Fred Harnden next Saturday evening. Let all attend or send their offering.

Abner Wells came home from Farmington, Saturday, for a week's visit before going to Temple, where he will teach, this winter.

Hon. Jerry Porter, of Strong, was in town Saturday, visiting his sister, Mrs. T. C. Crosby. It was his seventy-fifth birthday.

When the street drain is completed, people will not have to travel ten or a dozen rods, up or down street, seeking a chance to cross.

Rev. W. W. Ranney is to give a course of lectures on the life of Christ. He will deliver them in the vestry on alternate Saturday evenings.

A special town meeting has been called for next Saturday, to amend the vote taken recently to exempt the Austin pool mill from taxation, so that the exemption will cover lumber and pool stock.

Inspecting officer, Geo. T. Jacobs inspected Cushman Post, G. A. R., Thursday evening. After inspection, the members of the Post, Relief Corps and their families and friends sat down to a baked bean supper.

The Hinkley Clothing Company of Farmington, is composed of Phillips people. It is organized with a capital stock of \$10,000, of which \$2,000 is paid in. Mrs. Julia Hinkley is President; Nathan U. Hinkley, Treasurer; Nathan U. Hinkley, Julia Hinkley, Daniel F. Field, directors.

At the Grangers' "Pie Supper" at their hall last week, there was a large attendance, the hall being crowded. There were not half enough pies to go around so the danger of overeating was lessened. After the feasting came marching and games. They all had a fine time. This week, Wednesday, the society has a dance.

There is much complaint among business men and those looking for express packages owing to the change in arrival. Under the present arrangement, express matter only arrives at 2 o'clock P. M. What would naturally come from beyond Portland has to remain in Farmington for about 16 hours. A movement is being made to have it changed.

The members of Blue Mountain Lodge, F. & A. M. are again talking more hall room. A plan that would relieve the present crowded condition, and one that meets with favor, is to arrange with the parties owning the lower part of the building, and extend it to the street limits, some twenty feet. This would give enlarged anterooms and a parlor, reading room or banquet hall as desired.

"Do you think that marriage is a failure, Mr. Askin?" said Miss Elder to a young man whom she knew to be engaged. "I haven't got that far yet," was the frank reply, "but I'm pretty well convinced that courtship is bankruptcy."—London Tit-Bits.

Friends should not be chosen to flatter. The quality we prize is that rectitude which will shrink from no truth. Intimacies which increase vanities destroy friendship.—Channing.

BAD BLOOD

Is Causing an Eruption In
Washington Club Life.
Other Matters.

[Special Correspondence of RANGELEY LAKES].

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 12, (Special).—

There's bad blood aroused in Washington clubdom, and some of it may be spilled, too. Following the trend of the times—recent times, especially—this is an international row. Prince Iturbide, heir apparent to a throne that isn't apparent, nor likely ever to be—that of Mexico, which passed out of existence with the execution of the Emperor Maximilian upon a June day in 1867—has made his home in Washington for many years and is one of the regular habitués of the swell Metropolitan Club. He got into a rage against Mr. Robert Neville, who boasts of having been an officer in the British army, and who is also a member of that club, and called him a liar and some other things. Right there the domain of fact ends and the reign of gossip begins. Members of the club who might throw light on the matter are mum. It is believed, however, that Neville has challenged the Prince and that the challenge has been accepted. In view of the fact that for them to fight would practically be to exile themselves, owing to the very stringent laws against duelling in the District of Columbia, the general belief is that the affair will be patched up in some way by mutual friends. There being no woman in the case, the quarrel having had its origin in the Prince's boasting of his accomplishments as a horseman, this ending may be possible. Still they both have friends who believe that blood must be spilled to satisfy honor, and the police also believe they intend to fight and are industriously trying to find them to stop it. Neither man has been located.

Both men are widely known. Prince Iturbide was reputed to be very wealthy when he first came to Washington, but he was a good spender and now he has to worry along on an annual income of \$25,000 which he gets as a Grand Duke of Austria. He is a grandson of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide and when the unfortunate Maximilian placed upon his uneasy head the Mexican crown he adopted Prince Iturbide and formally made him heir to the throne. Mr. Neville several years ago got a great deal of notoriety by publicly slapping the face of Mr. S. S. Howland, another clubman equally well known in New York and Washington. For that escapade Mr. Neville would have been expelled from the Metropolitan Club had not Gen. Schofield, whom he promised never to engage in another scrapping match, stood by him and vouched for his future good behavior. His friends say that it was that promise that saved the Prince a thrashing in the club house. One of Mr. Neville's chums is Fred May, who has an international scrapping record, beginning with James Gordon Bennett and ending with a New York policeman. If a duel is fought May is likely to have a hand in it.

Dr. Talmage, Washington's new acquisition, has made himself solid with the boys by applying for membership in the Columbia Athletic Club. Although those who have seen the doctor deliver a lecture or sermon might not have supposed it, he says he needs other athletic exercise to keep him in good health.

The birthday of the Emperor of Japan was celebrated at the Japanese legation by a dinner to twelve of the most distinguished Japanese in America. As might have been supposed there were chrysanthemums everywhere, the Japs being responsible for the craze for those flowers.

Another international engagement was this week announced. Miss Regina Barbour, daughter of the late James L. Barbour, a sterling old Irish gentleman who by strict attention to business accumulated wealth as a wholesale grocer and

liquor dealer, will on Wednesday, Nov. 20th be married to Senor Don Julio Rengifo, charge d'affaires of the Columbian legation.

Few people aside from her personal friends know that Miss Mary Desha, sister of Col. Breckinridge's second wife, whose part in working up sentiment against Breckinridge both in Washington and in Kentucky previous to and during the trial of Miss Pollard's suit against him brought her conspicuously before the public, is a clerk in a government department. She is and has been for many years a clerk in the Pension Bureau, and the officials say her record is an unusually good one, notwithstanding the time she gives to the daughters of the American Revolution and to social affairs in general.

The Vice-President's sister-in-law, Mrs. Scott, of Louisville, Ky., has leased a Washington house and will take possession of it before Congress meets. The Stevensons have tired of hotel life and will live with Mrs. Scott this winter. Mrs. Scott has two daughters, who with the two Stevenson girls will make an attractive quartette under one roof.

Mrs. Cleveland's favorite method of entertaining those who are fortunate enough to be classed among her intimate personal friends is to ask two or three of them out to her suburban residence to take luncheon with her; in a very cases the invitation is made to include the children of her guests and the luncheon is a family affair, including the Cleveland children.

The Sun's Lively Molecules.

The sun is doubtless in the main a great globe of gas, although so intensely compressed in its central parts that they may be in a thickened or semiviscous condition. The gravitating attraction of the sun's mass is ever tending to generate a downward velocity in the gaseous molecules, situated in any part of it, toward its center. At the same time the radiation of heat at its surface diminishes the upward counterbalancing pressure. This allows the molecules to be actually more or less drawn inward. Their individual average velocities are, upon the whole, increased. Their knocks against each other become more violent and generate an increase of temperature. And the result, which might at first seem to be almost paradoxical, is explained—viz, that the sun, as its surface radiates heat away (which so far is a cooling process), may nevertheless, through its consequent contraction, generate a higher temperature by the fiercer clashing together or knocks of its molecules as they are drawn inward. This may enable it to send forth a more intense heat and light than before.—Nineteenth Century.

Their Absence Explained.

During an acrimonious debate in the house shortly before the war Mr. Potter of Wisconsin made some very sharp strictures on Mr. Pryor of Virginia. The result was a challenge from Pryor to fight a duel, which Potter promptly accepted, naming as terms bowie knives at five paces, terms which he well knew Pryor would not dare to accept, as he was a small man, while Potter was a large, powerful man and familiar with the use of the bowie knife. Pryor declined on the ground that the proposed terms were beneath the dignity of a gentleman to accept, and so the matter ended. But on the day following the challenge, while the result was still unknown, both Potter and Pryor were absent during roll call, and when Potter's name was called, a Quaker member rose, and in a mild voice said, "Mr. Speaker, I am informed that the gentleman from Wisconsin had a Prior engagement." And when Pryor's name was called a moment later he rose again, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I hear that the gentleman from Virginia has gone to be as clay in the hands of the Potter."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Louis Wain.

Mr. Louis Wain, the English artist whose pictures of cats and animal life are so delightfully fresh and irresistibly droll, is an assiduous taker of notes. He has a great trunk full of little slips of paper on which he has jotted down "ideas" as they crossed his mind. It is perhaps superfluous to say that he is a lover of cats of every kind and every size and every color.

POPPIES.

All above the sunshine dazzled, all below the poppies blazed,
Pink and white and glowing crimson; crumpled, like the hands that raised,
The gray columns stood among them, each a record, stern and dumb,
Of the varied past behind them, waiting for the times to come.

All above the sunshine dazzled, all below the poppies gleamed,
And the soft south wind among them murmured like a soul that dreamed—
Dreamed of sweeter, rarer flowers, dreamed of sunshine fiercer far,
Dreamed of all that it had slept on, far beyond its own fair star.

All above the sunshine dazzled, all below the poppies shone,
And one stood mid blooms and breezes, dreaming of the days long gone,
Where the long, green English meadows, bathed in glory from the west,
Heard a whisper, saw a meeting, and tears blotted out the rest.

All above the sunshine dazzled, all below the poppies swayed,
As the light airs from the ocean with their fair, frail petals played.
She dashed aside the dew that dared to dim her proud eyes' steady light,
Choosing out the gayest poppies. "They shall catch his glance tonight."
—All the Year Round.

KEEPS HIS EYES OPEN.

An Illustration of How Pittsburg Phil Makes a Lucky Hit.

"People wonder how Pittsburg Phil gets his money, do they?" said a race track frequenter. "I know Phil well, and one 'off day'—that is, when there was no racing on the big tracks around New York—there was a party of us went down to play Brighton Beach. There was no antibook-making law then.

"I never saw exactly such a day, as far as the weather went, only over at Guttenberg in the winter time. There came rolling in from the sea a most dense fog, the air was raw and clammy, and one could see only a few feet in front of his nose. We were standing close to the first book, next to the track, at the corner of the betting ring. Nobody thought of playing the race then on, for engaged were a very sorry lot of selling platers.

"The prices on the bookmaker's slate were easily to be seen, but the noise of the betting ring alone served to indicate that any other pencilers were doing business, for, as I said before, the fog shut everything from view. Presently I saw Red Jim Carroll hurrying along, and he hastened up to the man on the block and whispered something in his ear. Immediately the man changed 6 to 1 to 10 to 1 again: a certain horse and began to bellow—he had a voice like a foghorn—the increase odds.

"Carroll had slipped away and was lost in the gloom. Turning to speak to Pittsburg Phil, I found him gone, where no one seemed to know.

"In a few minutes when we went up in the stand to see the race there we found our friend eagerly watching for the horses to show through the veil of mist as they headed into the stretch for home. Presently along by the eighth post appeared something that looked like the shadow of a horse. 'Why look there!' cried Phil. 'That fellow has the race all to himself.' And sure enough he passed the judges before the ruck could be seen for the fog.

"When the winner's number went up Phil quietly said, 'Say, boys, that was the baby they played to win, and wasn't that a smooth way for Carroll to hunch the price? I don't know what they got on, but I do know I won \$4,400.'—New York Times.

Much Worse.

Mr. Gibbs went to an entertainment, and by mistake sat on his neighbor's silk hat, reducing it to a shapeless mass. The owner of the hat was naturally highly indignant and breathed threats of vengeance.

"Sir," said Mr. Gibbs calmly, "I am very sorry, and must admit that I was awkward. But," he added complacently, "it might have been much worse."

"I don't see how it could have been," roared the victim.

"Oh, yes, it could!" said Gibbs. "I might have sat down on my own hat."—Tit-Bits.

Said Sidney Smith, in speaking of one of the most eminent Americans who ever lived, "Daniel Webster struck me like a steam engine in trousers."

New
Blacksmith
Shop.
Walker & Lufkin

Having purchased the business and good-will of A. E. BLODGETT, the subscribers respectfully announce that they are prepared to do

General Blacksmithing
& Carriage Repairing.

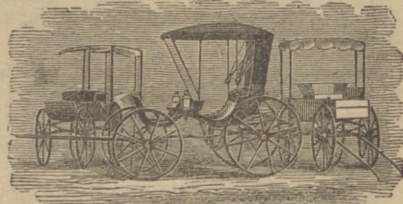
Mr. Walker has had over 15 years' experience as a blacksmith and Mr. Lufkin has been a wood-worker for many years, and both thoroughly understand their business.

We respectfully solicit a share of patronage.

L. Walker, E. C. Lufkin,
Blodgett's Old Shop, Next Door to Steam Mill,
RANGELEY, MAINE.

Carriages!

OF ALL KINDS,

At Prices which you Can
Afford to Buy.The Nobby Drop-Axle Buggy, and
Other Well Known Styles.

Call at Ross' Livery Stable, Phillips, or write to

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NEATLY EXECUTED,

At This OFFICE.

HENRY TIBBETTS,
Horseshoer and General
BLACKSMITH.

Job Work of All Kinds.

RANGELEY, : : : MAINE.

HOOKED A WILDCAT.

Thought He Was Fishing for Trout.

If you shall ever go trout fishing on the "dead water" of Beaver Run, be careful, as you make your casts, and don't hook a wildcat, for if you do you may be put to a good deal of annoyance, and as like as not have your day's fishing spoiled. That is, if your wildcat should happen to have a disposition like the one had that my friend Harry Cavanaugh hooked, the time he was fishing this dead water.

He was in charge at the time of a gang of men who were at work constructing one of the tram roads that the big lumber operators had then just begun to build in the isolated and mountainous forests tracts.

"I had heard," says he, "a good deal about the dead water of Beaver Run, and the big trout that had their home there, and which were likely to always have their home there, because of the difficulties that lay in the way of any one who sought to fish those waters. The dead waters extended for nearly a mile over a level stretch of the stream's bed, and were nowhere less than four feet deep. They were bordered on each side by an almost impenetrable thicket of alders, growing close to the edge and in some places, where the stream was narrow, closing over it and hiding it from view. There were many narrow openings in this thicket where deer sought the water to drink and stamp among the alders and other trees that grew along the stream. In some places the dead water was 50 feet wide, but most of the stretch was narrow.

"In those days I enjoyed nothing so much as trout fishing. I had found excellent sport in many of the wild streams of that locality, but felt that I could never go away from the woods entirely satisfied without trying what the dead waters of Beaver Run were capable of. And as the season grew my determination to get into those waters grew with it. At last I had one of my men make me a small, flat-bottom boat out of spruce boards, had it carried to the head of the dead waters, two miles distant, and one humid, overcast June day I started in the rather unsteady and not entirely water-tight craft to fish through that virgin trout ground. The capacity of the dead water was even greater than I had anticipated, and before I had fished a quarter of the way through the dark stretch of stream I had landed a score or more of the biggest trout I had ever seen come from any brook, all of them of a dark color, with the crimson spots almost as brilliant as sparks of fire.

"My boat had drifted, aided by an occasional movement of the paddle, into a part of the stream where the alder borders were at least 50 feet apart. This big pool grew very narrow at its lower end, 100 feet from its head, and there the thick alders interlocked their branches over and in the water, and the stream disappeared from view as completely as if it had been swallowed up by the earth. On the right side of this broad extent of water was one of the deer openings in the thicket, and the soft dirt on the edge of the creek showed by a myriad of tracks that the deer were frequent visitors there. Just above that opening a hemlock tree reared its big stem. Some of the lower branches on the upper side extended several feet out over the water.

"I had drifted along beneath these branches and 20 feet below the tree. There I stood up in my boat to make a cast at the edge of a bunch of alders, some of whose branches stretched out on the surface of the water. As I threw my rod forward, my hook stopped suddenly in the air behind me, and my reel hummed at the resistance. Simultaneously with the stopping of the hook a blood-curdling screech rent the air. It turned quickly about just in time to see a big wildcat leap from the lower limb of the hemlock, and he was pointed straight for me, although there was a watery space between us, and woodsmen have persistently held



that an intervening stretch of water was a sure barrier against the attacks of all fierce animals of the cat kind. My hook had caught somewhere in a tender spot on the wild cat, which had been crouching on the limb watching me, and the pain of the puncture had worked him instantly into an uncontrollable fury.

"I was standing near the bow of the boat but moved quickly to the other end, and none too quickly, for the wildcat pounced into the boat on the spot where I had stood, before I'd had time to steady myself in my new position. Then I saw that the hook was fast in one of the animal's ears, and a cat's ears are the most sensitive part of its body. The hook had gone clear through the tender membrane, and the blood was trickling down in quite a stream. Fortunately the paddle was in the stern of the boat. As the big cat struck the boat it almost upset the clumsy craft. The enraged beast came for me again without an instant's delay. I met it with a blow from the paddle. The paddle flew into a dozen pieces. The disturbance in the boat was too much for the boat's equilibrium, and over it went, tumbling the wildcat and me into the water. We floundered there close together, and instead of the bath cooling down the wildcat's temper, it seemed to make it hotter, and the ugly beast renewed the fight in the water.

"The boat when it upset was within a few feet of the pool, where the water disappeared behind the tangle of alders. I had nothing to defend myself with against the wildcat but my fists, and I pounded it with them with very little effect, except to their own damage. The wildcat could swim like a duck, kept its head well above water, and struck and bit at me with such quickness and agility that my sleeves were torn in strips in a very short time, and the blood began to flow from deep gashes in my hands and arms. I saw that in the struggle my hook had torn loose from the cat's ear, leaving a long and bleeding slit. The persistent animal kept up an unearthly yelling as it fought. We soon worked our way against the wall of alders, and as the struggle went on for a moment against it, I heard another screech, and presently another wildcat came tearing through the thicket to the edge of the pool. As this second ugly customer crouched as if to leap upon me to the aid of its mate, the alders gave way, and my cat and I floundered through the maze. Behind it the creek was 10 feet wide between the alders, which closed above it in a regular canopy of netted branches, nowhere more than three feet high. It was almost as dark as night in that low-vaulted water tunnel. The channel was straight, and far below I could see a small circle of light, where the stream emerged again into open water.

"As we disappeared through the dense alders, the other wildcat bounded into the thicket and made toward the spot, I could hear him crashing through, screeching as he came, and finally saw the tall bushes swaying before him as he drew nearer. I had changed my tactics in my struggle with my wildcat, and was trying to force it beneath the surface and hold it there long enough to drown it, but the cat was too active and supple, and about all I succeeded in doing was to lessen the quantity of my clothing and add to the

slashings in my flesh. I had been struggling with the wildcat a minute, perhaps, in that close, dark passage, where the water was fully six feet deep, when I saw the two fiery eyes of its mate appear in the alders, where he had thrust his head through, on the opposite side. That wildcat, though, hesitated to take to the water, even to help his mate; but I didn't know how long he would be of that mind, and consequently saw the importance of getting the best of one fierce contestant before another joined in the fight. I resolved on a desperate move, but one that would be decisive if it were successful. Watching my opportunity, I seized the wildcat with both hands around the throat, and, holding it at arm's length, dove to the bottom, taking the wildcat with me. My breath was short, owing to the long and hard struggle in the water, but I had good lungs. I put all my strength in that clutch on the wildcat's throat. The cat struggled desperately, but at about the time I found I must return to the surface, it gave one tremendous kick and hung heavy and motionless on my hands. I knew it was dead, and dropped the carcass and rose to the surface, with just about strength enough left to grab an alder bush and hold myself up. If that wildcat's mate had tackled me then he would have found an easy victim, for I could have made no defense. He was plunging and yelling about in the thicket, evidently puzzled over the disappearance of his mate and myself. Pretty soon I heard him tearing back toward the spot where he had thrust his head through the alders and glared at me, and I could feel my blood turn cold. It was all I could do to hold fast to the alder. He reached the spot, pushed his head and half of his body beyond the edge of the bushes, and his eyes almost lit up the place, they blazed so when they fell on me. The suspense was terrible. Suddenly the wildcat raised a yell that would have been frightful enough heard in the open woods, but which in the close confines of that watery tunnel was simply indescribably terrible, and if, while the yell was still ringing in my ears, I hadn't heard the wildcat turn and go crashing away through the thicket, I would surely have dropped limp and lifeless from the support of the alders and gone down without a struggle.

"But with the retreat of the wildcat my strength gradually returned, and after a while I was able to make my way back through the alders at the head of the dark and narrow channel and out into the open pool. My upturned boat was lodged against the alders. I pushed it to the deep opening, righted it, and with a long pole poled it back to my starting place and struck out for home. My fish and tackle were lost. Although the gashes and scratches on my hands and arms were numerous they were not as serious as they seemed, and in a week or so I was able to repeat my fishing trip, much to my great enjoyment. I also spent an evening with a jack and rifle at that deep opening, and got a fat, juicy buck and a doe. I believe, also, that the big wildcat that I tumbled from the big hemlock branch just at dusk that same evening was the mate of the wildcat I had drowned in the alder tunnel, and the one that came within a second of scaring me to death. He was lurking there, as his mate had been, I have no

doubt, with the hope of springing on a fawn that might come down to the creek at the watering place. Ed. Morr.

Written for Rangeley Lakes:

SOME ABANDONED FARMS.

Rangeley Fifty-Five Years Ago.

Rangeley, I think, has its full proportion of abandoned farms. In the early forties, about two miles northeasterly from the red (now white) school-house, was the log house of Abraham Ross, father of Elbridge, Jessie, Samuel and others. A little northerly and westerly from there was the red house of Nathaniel Toothaker ("Honest Nathaniel," as Mr. Rangeley called him), in the lee of a noble wood. Next westerly was the log house of Joseph Bowen, whose wife ran away with the Indian Jerome Wasmimmet, nephew of Lewis Annause, the Indian graduate of Dartmouth College and fellow student of Dr. Josiah Prescott. A little to the southwest from Bowen's lived David Hoar and Samuel Wilbur. Next westerly was Elijah Welch, on the east shore of Dodge Pond. Across the pond was the home of Dr. John Dodge. The next place north was that of his brother, James Dodge. Next west and on the top of a commanding hill, was the log house of Capt. Nathaniel Kimball, father of Nicholas and Henry T. Kimball. Still to the west and northwesterly lived Dan, Lemuel and David Quimby, William Ross and Guy Howard. Beyond the last named, on the farther side of Quimby Pond and at the extreme west end of the settlement, were Willard Stevens and a Mr. Davis, living together in one log house.

A mile south of Dan Quimby's was another log house occupied by a Mr. Manson, father of Mrs. Lemuel Quimby. A little farther south was the log house built by the father of Stephen, Thomas, Dan, David and Lemuel Quimby, one of the first settlers in Rangeley. Here lived Lemuel in the thirties. In the same clearing, and looking across the lake to South Bog, was the home of Stephen Quimby, father of Charles, Daniel, William, James and Lyman.

At the outlet of Dodge Pond lived Stephen and Nathaniel Winslow, who succeeded a Mr. Perry. After the Winslows came Joseph Frazier, William Gile and Mr. Collins, father of William, James, Henry and John. About half a mile southerly from the pond lived Peter Haines, whose nearest neighbor southwesterly was "Deacon" Lake. Mr. Haines succeeded Job Chase, who succeeded a Mr. Thomas. With the exception of the Dr. Dodge farm and the contiguous ones of David, Dan and Lemuel Quimby, all the above mentioned places, according to the latest information of the writer, are vacant. And yet, in the day here recalled all these farms rivaled, and still might rival, the best lands in the world in the production of wheat, barley, oats, hay, potatoes and all the other common vegetables. Z. T. H.

Siberian Loneliness.

Mile after mile as you travel along there is no break in the monotony of this great frozen land. Everywhere is snow, everywhere the vast white plains. In the perspective of distance the very ridges melt into the general level, and as you look around you are met everywhere with the same great mantle of unbroken snow. The country lies before you as an earth that is dead, so still, so motionless, so rigid is the landscape. Life has fled before the icy winds that draw out of the north, and the land you traverse is surely the land of death. There is scarcely the cry of a single bird to break upon the ear in this untenanted wilderness; the very streams are motionless masses of ice. Land there is none, and you may wander east, west, north and south without landmark to set you right. Day after day and week after week your deer will gallop along their frozen way, and your compass or, if the gray clouds will lift for awhile, the stars in the heaven above will be your only guide.—"A Winter Journey."

AMONG THE ORDERS.

Society Notes, Rangeley.

Saturday, Nov. 16, Regular meeting Rangeley Commandery No. 408, Order of the Golden Cross. Meet in Church Vestry.
Wednesday p. m., Nov. 20, Regular meeting W. C. T. U., at the Library.

Society Notes, Phillips.

Monday, Nov. 18, Regular meeting Mt. Abram Lodge, No. 65, A. O. U. W. Hall in Bates Block.
Tuesday, Nov. 19, Mt. Saddleback Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 92. Hall, Beal Block.
Wednesday, Dec. 4, Regular Communication, Blue Mountain Lodge, No. 67, F. & A. M., at Masonic Hall. Installation.
Thursday, Nov. 21, Regular meeting Cushman Post, No. 87, G. A. R., at Grange Hall, at 7.30 P. M.
Thursday Nov. 21, Regular meeting Woman's Relief Corps at Grange Hall, 6.30 P. M.
Saturday, Nov. 16, North Franklin Grange, No. 186, Patrons of Husbandry, at Grange Hall.
Saturday, Nov. 16, Regular meeting Phillips Commandery, No. 402, Order of the Golden Cross. Bates Hall.

Local Paragraphs.

The flagstaff had to go.
The snow has all vanished.
F. E. Tibbetts has gone to Bemis to work.
The carts and wagons rattle over the frozen ground.
J. F. Oakes and C. F. Huntoon were in Phillips, Friday.
The lumber for the new Mountain View House is all sawed.
The rain Friday night and Saturday was very welcome.
John A. Russell went to Phillips and Farmington last week.
Win Tibbetts and Maurice Toothaker went to Redington Thursday.
Mrs. Orren Tibbetts has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Daniel Spaulding, at Fairbanks.
The blasting on the new railroad is heard quite plainly some of these frosty mornings.
Chris. Boston, master mechanic of the P. & R. was here Monday to repair the boiler in the engine house.
Why don't all hands join the two-nights-a-week closing association? Have a little, time for your own amusement.
Al. Sprague went down to the Tottman farm Thursday. He and Chas. Harnden have a line of traps on the farm.
Mrs. J. B. Marble and Rachael, left Thursday for a few days in and about Boston. She will also visit her daughter, Lucy, at Portsmouth, N. H.
Hon. J. R. Toothaker and Henry T. Kimball, Esq., were in Redington Thursday in consultation with Superintendent Greene about lumbering on the north part of Greenville Plantation.
In conversation with one of Farmington's successful business men, in speaking of the future outlook for Rangeley he said: "If the citizens will only unite and work together, Rangeley is sure to become one of the leading towns in the State."
The revival services conducted by H. R. Sanders, of the Divinity School at Lewiston, closed last Sabbath evening. Mr. Sanders is a young man of great promise, an interesting and pleasing speaker and a zealous christian worker. As a result of the meetings 44 persons have professed conversion, the church has been greatly revived and encouraged, and influences for good have been set in motion that are beyond computation. During his stay among us Mr. Sanders gained the respect and esteem of all who saw and heard him, and endeared himself to a large circle of friends, who gladly presented him with a substantial token of their interest in him. Whenever he shall visit Rangeley he will be warmly welcomed by many true friends who will be glad to learn of his future success.

She wrote about ethics, she talked about art; The neighbors declared she was wonderously smart; Her brain was enormous; you 'most heard its thumps, But she never, no, never, could learn what was trumps.

Almost time for amateur theatricals. Abner Wells was in town this week. Hope the boys will make a go of the band.

Morris Toothaker has gone to Redington to work in the woods.

The new section of the hotel on the point is clapboarded and painted.

Al. Withey, of Coplin, is at work for Mr. Cain, on the hotel removal.

Isaac Ellis is home from Bemis, where he has been working on the railroad.

These frosty mornings make us feel that there is snow back behind the hills.

John Oakes went to the Kennebecago farm Wednesday, to press his hay.

Simon Oakes has hung out a new sign for his boarding house Main St., East.

The lot where formerly stood the Rangeley Lake House is being leveled off and graded.

Will Grant has gone to Redington to cook for a crew of about forty men. Frank Porter is his cookee.

Ladies will find much to interest them in "Toilettes," the monthly fashion magazine on sale at Herrick's.

Dr. Moore, from Rangeley Plantation was in town Tuesday with a spirited beast that he calls a thoroughbred.

The Redington Lumber Company have not fully decided about lumbering in Greenville Plantation this winter.

Ansel Dill and wife, of Phillips, are in town, called here by the serious illness of Mr. Dill's daughter, Mrs. William Lamb.

Before going into the woods, either for logging or hunting, call at Neal & Quimby's and see their new line of Monmouth moccasins.

Harrison Harnden, who has been working in the steam mill was called to Phillips Monday, on account of the serious illness of his brother, Orrison.

The most prominent object that meets one's eye, in coming from the depot, since the removal of the hotel, is Furbish, Butler & Oakes' store. It looms up big.

Mrs. Sylvester Thompson, of South Jacksonville, Florida, has sent her niece, Miss Georgia Esty, some very beautiful designs of flowers, constructed from fish scales and silver and gold wire.

It is now thought a petition will be circulated in a few days asking that the County Commissioners locate a road near the head of the lake, to lessen the distance to and from Rangeley Plantation.

Residents of North Franklin will be interested to learn of the death, at his home in Oxford county, Nov. 4, of Asa F. Stearns. Mr. Stearns was concerned in lawsuits with several parties in Phillips, Redington and other places.

O. E. Merrow has the contract for the brick work on the railroad scales, also the placing of the boiler in the new Stephens' block, says the Rumford Falls Times. Mr. Merrow is a brother of R. A. Merrow, foreman of RANGELEY LAKES.

Neal & Quimby have a very handsome line of samples from which to select just what you want for a suit. They will take your measure and G. W. Simmons & Co. "Oak Hall," Boston, will do the rest. they guarantee a fit, what more can you wish.

RANGELEY LAKES is informed that within two miles of the village there is a clay bank of extra nice quality for the manufacture of brick, and that it has been partially worked. Why will not the owners, in case they do not choose to work it themselves, advertise for some one to come and look at the place and at least "raise" our own brick in town?

Mrs. F. W. Hewey is gaining rapidly.

Winnie Tibbetts has gone to Redington to work.

Ed. Hinkley is shingling his house on Pleasant street.

Morton Vaughn, of Strong, returned home this week.

H. R. Sanders returned to Lewiston Monday morning.

Walter Twombly is building a woodshed adjoining his shop.

Dana Hinkley and wife were at Madrid the first of the week.

Sharp contrasts between these sunny days and chilly nights.

About time to choose sides for that Thanksgiving shooting match.

Owing to so much building, lumber is higher in Rangeley than in Boston.

Joseph Lamb has gone to Massachusetts to spend the winter with his son, Bert.

Mrs. Frank Kempton is boarding at Mrs. James Thompson's on High street.

Marsh Carlton is painting the interior of Chas. Neal's new house on High street.

The primary school closes Friday of this week, the grammar school one week later.

Mrs. Lucy Thompson is at work at the Rangeley Lake House, during the absence Mrs. Marble.

Frank Jacobs has just finished building a watershed 70 feet long for the sheep on the Hano farm.

Frank Toothaker and Cliff Hunter, of Phillips, were in town Tuesday, looking for a pair of work horses.

Miss Maggie Hinkley is to teach school in Rangeley plantation, commencing the first Monday in December.

The King's Daughters now meet on Mondays on account of the change of meeting time for the young peoples' society.

White L. Butler leaves for New York Thursday, there to join his wife and spend a few weeks visiting relatives before returning.

Fred Soule reached Rangeley, Tuesday. He is to remain here three or four weeks and practice telegraphy in the W. U. office under Mr. Miller.

W. E. Twombly has been having all the work he could possibly attend to of late. Getting the teams ready for winter makes the harness trade lively.

Ermon Toothaker is to have an artificial hand to take the place of the hand which he recently lost in the steam mill. By aid of this he will be enabled to perform many tasks otherwise impossible.

Mr. B. A. Moulton, formerly express messenger from Farmington to Rangeley, arrived in town last week for a visit with old friends. Since his arrival he has been seized with a lameness in his right hip which has given him considerable trouble and required medical attention.

The ladies' outfitters say that there is a new fad, due to strike Rangeley before long. This is the white ribbon neck-wear and consists in broad bands of white ribbon wound closely about the throat. It is said to have been made popular by the Vanderbilt wedding and since that time the demand for white ribbon has set the mills humming at their utmost capacity.

Mr. Freeman Tibbetts showed a RANGELEY LAKES man through his partly-finished house on Main street Tuesday. The house is being arranged for both beauty and comfort and will be one of the finest in town when completed. The first floor is divided into a sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen and bed-room together with commodious pantry, hallway and closets. Upstairs are a number of roomy, well-ventilated sleeping-rooms and bathroom. In the hallway there is to be a rich wainscoting of 20-inch elm boards, with a trimming of oak and bird's-eye maple. Mr. Tibbetts will make the finishing-off of his house his winter's work.

The carpenters commence work on the Mountain View House this week.

Lewis Bowley has sold his gray gelding, Signal, which he bought of Wm. Moores, to Furbish, Butler & Oakes.

The gospel service of next week will be holden in the school house in Greenville. Members of the Y. P. S. C. E. will assist in the services.

Leroy A. Smith is out again, after a two-weeks' severe attack of colic. As soon as he is able he proposes to take a few days off for a down river trip.

Ed. Grant and Rufe Crosby went to Seven Ponds, Wednesday. They have a line of traps in that section, and propose to stay there till the streams freeze up. They also expect to bring out a moose.

Chas. Barrett came out from Megantic preserve, Tuesday night, having finished the work of spawn taking. While there, he put in 30,000 trout spawn which is about all the hatchery will accomodate.

The last half of the Rangeley Lake House is moving along slowly. It is just at the slowest point, when the blocking has to be built up from ten to twelve feet. Next week will see it in place if the weather holds fair.

A meeting to see about organizing a band was held Tuesday evening; but, on account of small attendance, was adjourned to Thursday evening, November 14, at the W. C. T. U. Library. The musically inclined will please bear it in mind.

Win. Miller, the station agent, says that the running time of the Sandy River and Phillips & Rangeley between Farmington and Rangeley is to be two hours. The hour stop at Phillips, on the down trip is to be discontinued. This, Mr. Miller says, comes from no less a personage than Weston Lewis.

Batchelder-Witham.

The marriage of Miss Florence E. Witham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Witham, and Harry E. Batchelder, both of Madrid, took place at the residence of the bride's parents in Madrid at 8 o'clock Saturday evening. The bride entered the room on the arm of her father, and the bride groom with the officiating clergyman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. Nottage, of Phillips. About fifty were present. Quite a number of invited guests from Rangeley, Phillips, Weld and other places were not able to be present on account of the weather and the condition of the roads. Refreshments were served. The evening was a very enjoyable one, and a little before the hour of midnight the company broke up with best wishes for the future happiness of the newly wedded couple.

The following is a nearly complete list of the wedding presents:

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. Batchelder, 1/2 doz. silver teaspoons and two pairs linen towels; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Witham, featherbed and pair of pillows; Mr. and Mrs. Burley Batchelder, sugar shell and butter knife; Mr. and Mrs. Abert Morrill, one pair of silver spoons; Mr. George Moore, glass cake plate; Miss Ethel Batchelder, two china cups and saucers; Mrs. A. A. Sanborn, two cake plates; Mrs. Eva Staples, salt and pepper shake; Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smith, butter knife and sugar shell; Marshall Douglass, pepper shake; Eugene Smith, salt shake; Mrs. H. S. Wing, sugar shell; Mrs. A. Weatherbee, picture throw; Mrs. Dora McCrackin, Miss Annie Northrop, Miss Elsie Goodwin, linen table cloth and one dozen napkins; Maud and Ernest Rowe, glass water set; Mr. and Mrs. Archie Moore, glass pickle dish; Miss Carrie Witham, one pair towels; Lizzie Witham, glass pickle dish; Lillian Morison, cake beater; Allie Witham, souvenir spoon; Joseph and Herbert Witham, one pair linen towels; Mrs. Lestina Sprague, pair linen towels; Miss Nettie Berry, pair linen towels.

BORN.

Rangeley, Nov. 9, to the wife of Mr. A. L. Oakes, a son. Weight, 12 1/4.

DIED.

In Phillips, Nov. 8th, Julia Agnes Noble, aged 14 yrs., 4 mos., and 4 days.